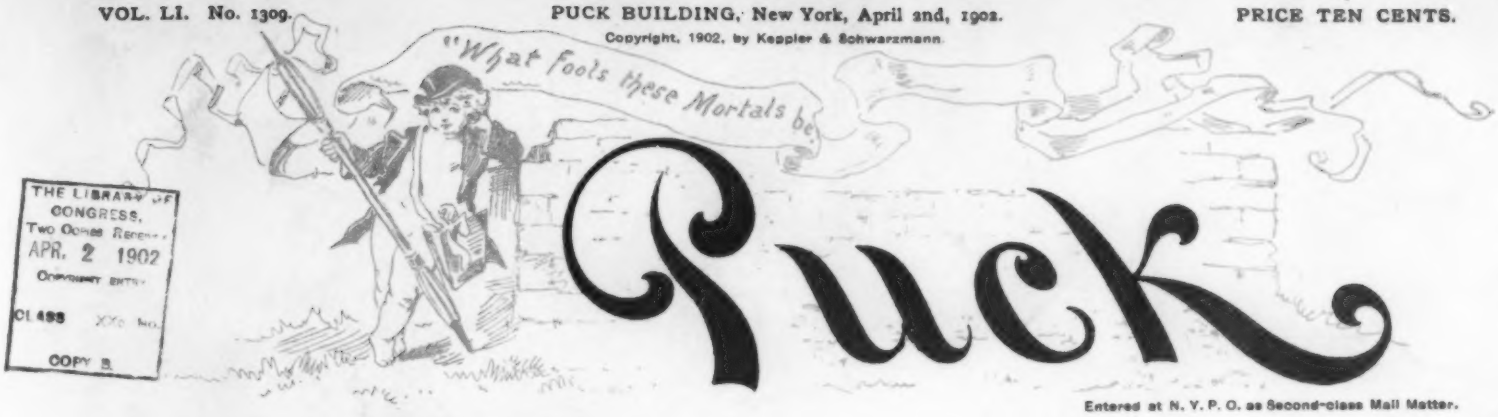
VOL. LI. No. 1309. PUCK BUILDING, New York, April 2nd, 1902. PRICE TEN CENTS.
Copyright, 1902, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, TWO COPIES RECEIVED APR. 2 1902 COPYRIGHT ENTRY CL 158 XXc No. COPY B.

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.

FOR THE FAVORED FEW.

MISS BLOSSOM. — But a married man always has some one to share his sorrows, you know!
JACK BACHELOR. — Not always; — every married man can't afford to keep a valet and a butler.

A PRIVATE OPINION.

THE OPERATOR.—I 'm afraid that when wireless telegraphy is perfected, I 'll have to find other work than operating.

UNCLE JASON.—No, ye won't;—just come tew Kansas.

THE OPERATOR.—Why, don't you think the Marconi system will work in that State?

UNCLE JASON.—Wa-al, I 'll bet a dollar that the wireless telegraph message that gets struck by a Kansas cyclone will join the ranks uv the letter that never came!

THE APPEAL OF THE BULGARIAN BRIGANDS.

It is reported on reliable authority that the Amalgamated Association of Bulgarian Brigands has petitioned the Sublime Porte for a subsidy. There is nothing new, of course, in the arguments advanced. The petition sets forth the number of men employed, the high rate of wages and the consequent high standard of living, and the amount of business done, which shows a gratifying increase over the corresponding period of any preceding year. It is pointed out, however, that this phenomenal prosperity, now the wonder of the world, can not continue without government aid. Without a subsidy, it is claimed, the Bulgarian brigand must quickly sink to the level of the pauper brigands of Greece and Sicily. The attention of the Sublime Porte is also called to the fact that the money earned in this industry remains in the country and is spent to develop the home market. In this respect it differs radically from the money, if any, used to pay creditors, which is at once sent abroad. It is even suggested that if the subsidy were made large enough the Bulgarian brigands might be able to live on it in comfort without robbing any foreign travelers at all, thereby increasing the popularity of Bulgaria among tourists and relieving the Sublime Porte from the possibility of grave international complications.

The Sultan is said to have received the Bulgarian deputation graciously and expressed his regret that, in the present state of Turkish finances, there would be nothing doing.

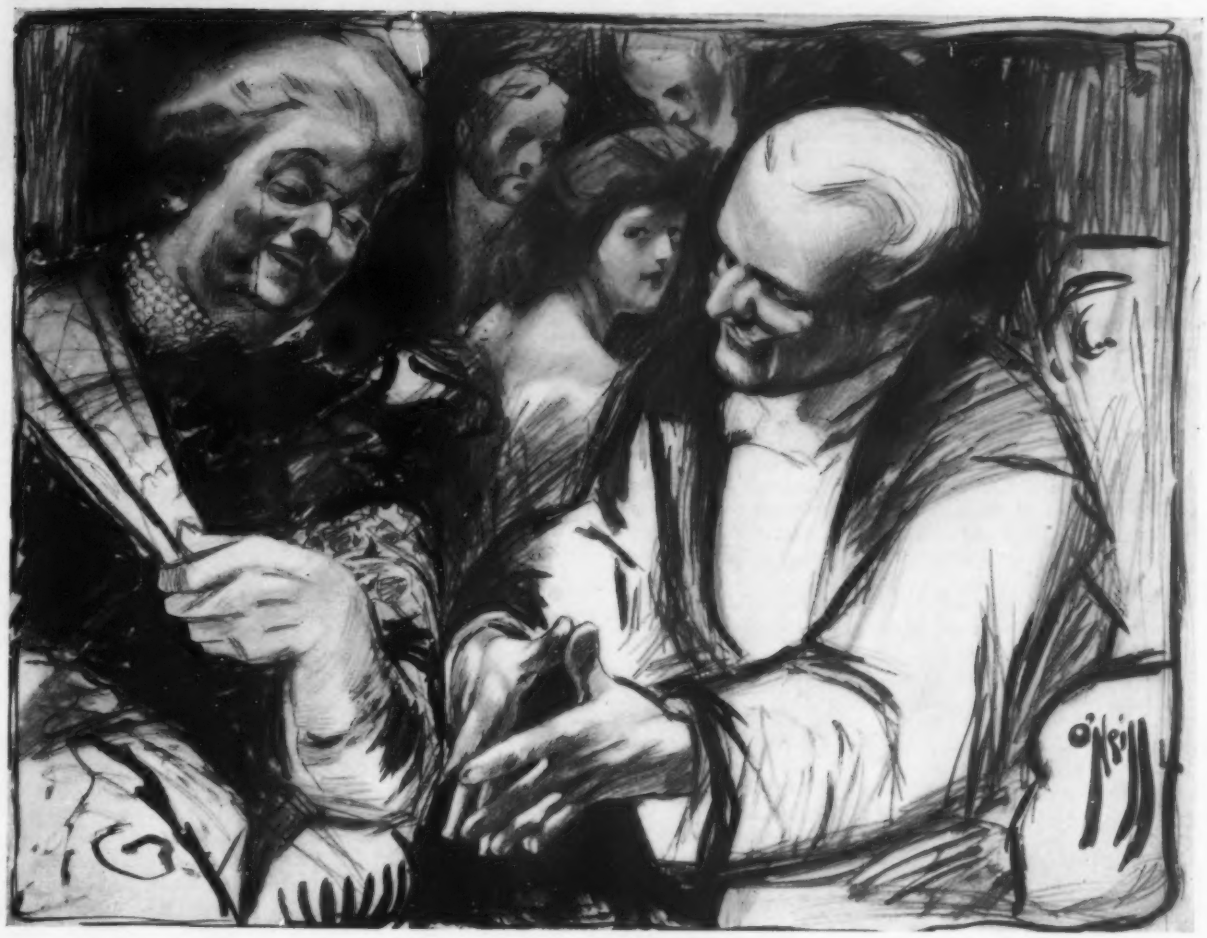
Wm. E. McKenna.

SPEAKING of natural forces going to waste, there are those who claim that the tears annually wept for new hats and things, not including chocolates, would, if gathered in a dam, run a flouring mill a week or ten days.

TIME'S WONDERS.

MR. MONKEY.—You don't mean to say you are Miss Lillie Hippopotamus? Why, I used to dance you on my—er, that is, I knew you when you were a baby.

It looks as if some hobbies were ridden merely as an excuse for the picturesque riding clothes that go with them.



HIS EXPERIENCE.

SHE.—Why do you think their affair is n't Platonic?
HE.—Well, I 've never met a Platonic widow.

THE MAN WHO RINGS IN.

THERE ARE tiresome creatures all over the world,
The fool and the chump and the bore,
But the dreariest, weariest thing in the bunch
Whom we pass up the palm and some more,
Is the wise, learned creature who listens the while
You converse on original sin,
Or political bribes, with your point nearly made,
Then comes up
And
Sweetly
Rings
In.

There are people you 'd love to see disappear
From off of the face of the earth;
And, to tell all the truth, their absence would fill
Your soul with the wildest of mirth.
And the one who seems most this fate to deserve,
Or a home in bright heaven to win,
Is the blankety, blankety, blankety-blank
Who always comes
Up
And
Rings
In.

Robert V. Carr.

HIS IDEA.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—Why did the Israelites cross the Red Sea, Johnny?

JOHNNY UPTONOW.—I suppose they had heard there were no laws against usury on the other side.

PERFECT PROOF.

VAN DAUBER.—I have told Dolly Van Rocks that I can not live without her;—but she seems to doubt it.

VAN SLOBBER.—Why not paint her portrait and let her see for herself?

ROLLO IN A WALL STREET SWEATSHOP.

ROLLO PREVAILED upon his Popper the other day to make a slumming tour of the dens of misery and money that cluster in the shadow of the Sub-Treasury. They were accompanied by a squad of plain-clothes men from the Central office.

Thus escorted, the two slummers penetrated the purlieus of finance and stood at last amid the whirr and buzz and tape-click of a Wall Street joint running at full blast. The pungent fumes of money and of high-priced securities that permeated every nook and cranny of the room, choked them almost to suffocation; while they could see, winnowing a serpentine course through the atmosphere, millions of tiny comma and hook-shaped organisms.

"What 's them?" burst out Popper, to whom the spectacle seemed strangely, cruelly reminiscent.

"What grammar for a father!" returned Rollo coldly. "What you see are nothing but pathogenic germs that come from money—the highest grade of bacillus known. Naturally they develop with the utmost virulence in these Wall Street dens. They fasten readily upon the constitutions of highly organized billionaires. Why? Every week or two poor Mr. Morgan has to have his lungs taken out and dusted—for germs. Delicate though such an operation is, yet he is amply repaid for the trouble and risk; the specks of gold-dust and effluvia of greenbacks that are extracted from his pulmonaries, are bought by the Treasury for a good, round sum. How sad," continued Rollo, "that human beings should be compelled to breathe their own money!"

The mobile lines of Popper's countenance mirrored his fleeting fancies.

"Just look at those poor drudges toiling like galley-slaves in this money-poisoned air!" exclaimed Rollo, pointing to an iron cage, punctured by glass windows.

Inside the cage were scores of pale, perspiring clerks, delving lustily with their shovels at huge stacks of United States currency; hard by, prodding them sharply, stood an alert, vigilant man, whose half-hunted look proclaimed him beyond cavil a billionaire, his countenance seamed with the poignant misery that the thought of spot cash unlimited entrains. The clerks were dumping the contents of their shovels into the mouth of a long chute, through which the money was run off in an unceasing stream and loaded into vans lined up in a back alley.

"Who is it? Morgan or Rockefeller, making up his daily bank deposit?" blurted out Popper; his infant phenomenon enlightened him.

"They are getting rid of the refuse of banknotes that accumulates with fungus-like rapidity. By order of the board of health it is carted to pier No. 6, and dumped into patent-bottom scows; at night it is taken out to sea and thrown to the fishes. You marvel at this?" he added, observing the pained, expression upon the paternal face. "But this million or so that 's carted away is only a drop in the bucket—just skimmed off to keep the market steady. Now, let 's go down into the graft-cellar; there are billions in it. I 'll tip the man in charge and we 'll peep at the underground financial operations."

With the strong, bullish feeling that accompanies a sure tip, the youth hooked out of his pocket a thirty-thousand dollar greenback, and slipped it quietly into the itching palm of the janitor. It was a touching sight to see the man's eyes brimming with hot tears, as he thought of the bread this generosity would enable him to buy for his little ones.

The visitors were conducted downstairs. Groping their way through blind pools and bumping their heads against all kinds of money, they emerged in a murky sub-cellar, which shook and rattled like a cable-car window at explosion hours. It was a busy day; the market was being hammered and the air whizzed with panicky rumors.

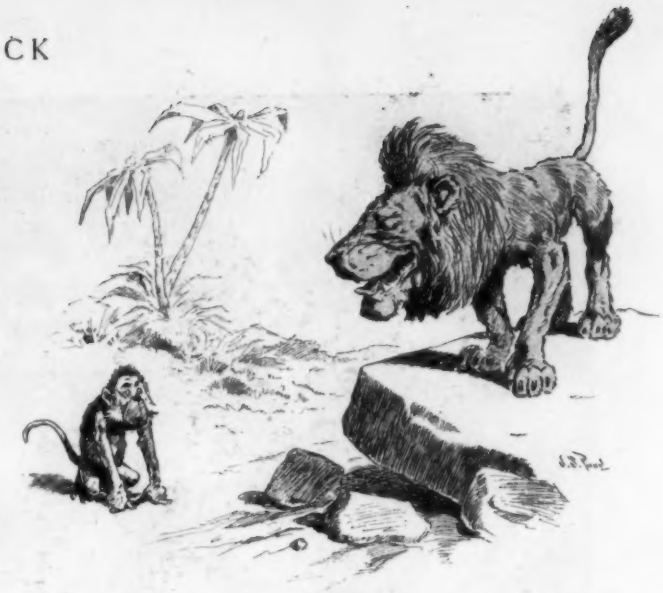
The most novel sight was the machinery for making stock and bond issues. These are turned out by a perpetual gas-fed motor that runs on irregular rails. The paper issues are then thoroughly soaked in a vat of undiluted water. The object of this process—paradoxical as it may seem—is to make the stock or bond "buoyant;" for the basic law of monetary science is that a stock is floated by the weight of water it holds. When the paper has absorbed the standard quantity of moisture, it is engraven with pretty designs emblematic of toil and industry, a buffalo, an Indian or a bumble-bee. The final process is to put the gilt edge upon the stock. The fabric is then ready for the market. It is sold to the scrambling public at prosperity prices.

Upstairs again, they saw the billionaire casting a furtive glance now and then at the clock. He looked rusty. Had the iron entered the man's soul?

"What a sight for the Cruelty Society or Association for Improving the Condition of the Rich!" whispered Popper. "What shocking inhumanity to compel a billionaire to work like a steam-engine! I 'll see Jerome about this."

"'Tis the saddest feature of the Wall Street ghetto!" chimed in Rollo; "but hurry! I hear the market breaking, and we 'll get caught on the drop. Let 's count our money and be gone."

C. W. Lucas.



REASSURING.

"I suppose you know that the penalty of *lese majeste* is death?"

"But, I—I 'm not guilty!"

"Well, it 's all right, anyhow, Jocko. I don't enforce the law except just before meals."

A FAMILIAR RESPONSE.

CHOLLY.—I called on that pretty Miss Pompadour, who clerks at the ribbon counter at Sellall & Whooper's department store, last night.

GEORGE.—Have a nice call?

CHOLLY—No; she sent down word that she was sorry, but she was "just out!"

THE WEARY ONES' NARROW ESCAPE.

"Kind lady, can't you give something to two poor travelers what ain't had nothing to eat in a week?"

"Yes, my poor men! You may have all these pies—

"—And if you are ever hungry again knock at the door and I will give you some angel cake."

"! ! ! * * * ! ! !"

A MODERN BEAUTY.

I FAIN would sing of Clytie's charms,
Her classic head, her witching face,
Her tempting hands and dazzling arms,
Her queenly figure's sculptured grace—
I fain would sing, like bard or linnet—
But, then, I know there 's nothing in it!

Nothing for bird, for poet—less;
Because, odd is the truth, I own,
In setting forth her loveliness
With all sweet metres ever known
That bird could pour, in wild abandon
Or poet lay his seeking hand on,

No matter what I said or sang,
Nor how, nor where, nor whom unto—
Though high as heaven my homage rang,
I never could full justice do,
Nor more, in fact, than half my duty
To *her* opinion of her beauty!

Madeline Bridges.

HOW IT WAS.

Once upon a time, a Tourist from the North sought information from the Child of a prominent Texan.

"My Pa's oil-well is between Eleven and Twelve Thousand feet deep," asserted the Child.

"Surely, you must be mistaken!" said the Tourist. "That is extremely, and almost unprecedentedly, Tall, even for a Story of a Hole. Just think how high up in the Air it would reach if it were pulled out and stood up on End! And, besides, there is no oil gushing out of it, as there assuredly would be if it were that Deep."

"Ah, sir," returned the Child. "I overheard my Father tell a Friend, in confidence, that there were already about Two Thousand stockholders in the Hole; and, as you are doubtless aware, the average stockholder is from Five and one-half to Six feet Tall—and, of course, you can readily understand that the Oil could not flow out when the Orifice was choked up in that Manner."

IF THE British have no sense of humor it is, perhaps, after all, a matter of choice with them. Very likely they prefer a titled aristocracy.

SOME PEOPLE take a great deal of pains to choose the lesser evil when they could get along without either.

WE SHOULD imagine that the prophet who caused the sun to stand still must have rendered himself thereby somewhat obnoxious to the labor element.

CONVENTION permits a woman to avoid physical exercise, except in one case: When she gets mad, convention prescribes that she rise and slam a door, rather than sit still and say "Damn!"

KITCHEN THRIFT.

THE NEW MAID.—And the mistress cooks some, herself, does she?
THE COOK.—Oh, yis! But there 's nawthin' wasted—I makes it over into Irish stews.

The fad for Japanese bric-a-brac hurts nobody, and it affords the Japanese an opportunity to clean up their old junk.

GOOD REASONING.

MOTHER.—Why, Gertrude! Why are you praying at noon?

GERTRUDE.—Well, Mama, I thought probably during lunch hours God would n't be so busy listening to others.

ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS.

"It is certainly remarkable," observed the thoughtful man reflectively, "to what forms of extreme eccentricity minds of rare genius will sometimes tend."

"Yes; that 's so," said the short man with the slanting forehead. "Any interestin' instance in mind?"

"I've just been reading," responded the thoughtful man, "of Dr. Johnson, known to fame as the Great Lexicographer. It is stated that whenever he walked abroad he invariably touched every post in his pathway. If, by any chance he missed a post, his mind was never at rest until he had returned and touched it. In fact, he frequently retraced his steps for lengthy distances to that sole end."

"Queer old cuss, the Doc," said the short man; "but all them geniuses are alike. I know one of 'em — one of these fellers that paints a little bit, plays on the piano with one finger, does a dab at sculpture, writes po'try, and ain't earned over four hundred dollars in the last ten years."

"Ah! indeed," said the thoughtful man, with interest; "and what form does his particular idiosyncrasy assume? Does he touch every post he comes across?"

"Naw," replied the short man; "he touches every friend he comes across, or almightily tries to."

W. S. Adkins.

SHE INQUIRES.

HE.—Sometimes I think you are making a fool of me!

SHE.—And other times, you—er—don't think?

GOVERNMENT.

Once upon a time a citizen who paid ten dollars in taxes made bold to inquire with some particularity what had become of this sum.

He learned that,—of the ten dollars,—

Ten cents went to pay the assessor for levying the tax; ten cents to pay the treasurer for receiving it; ten cents to pay the auditor for auditing the transaction; one dollar to pay the legislature for appropriating the money; eighty-five cents to pay the executive for acting as a check on the legislature; one dollar to pay the judiciary for acting as a check on the legislature and the executive; two dollars to pay the various boards and commissions who saw to it that the money was spent; fifty cents—

But here the citizen gave over, having learned enough to impress him with the extreme importance of government and plenty of it.

WHAT THEY WANTED OPEN.

MRS. HENLEY.—We discussed the Sunday-opening question at the meeting of the Thursday Club, to-day.

MR. HENLEY.—Did, eh? What conclusion did you arrive at?

MRS. HENLEY.—Every single one of us was in favor of it; and we immediately appointed a committee to wait on the leading milliners to see if they are, too.

THE MAKING of smart remarks is a luxury that only an independent income can afford.

EVIDENTLY INNOCENT.

FIRST THUG.—De jury acquitted Bill uv dat murder charge widout leaving deir seats.

SECOND THUG.—Did Bill prove his innocence?

FIRST THUG.—Sure! He proved dat no woman had fallen in love wit' him since he 's been in jail, nor sent him any bouquets, or jelly, or photygrafts!

PUCK

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of PUCK is $5.00 per year. $2.50 for six months. $1.25 for three months. Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
Publishers and Proprietors.
Cor. Houston and Elm Sts.,
New York.

Wednesday, April 2, 1902.—No. 1309.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.—The contents of PUCK are protected by copyright in both the United States and Great Britain. Infringement of this copyright will be promptly and vigorously prosecuted.

Puck's Illustrations can be found only in Puck's Publications.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

EVANS FAILS TO PLEASE.

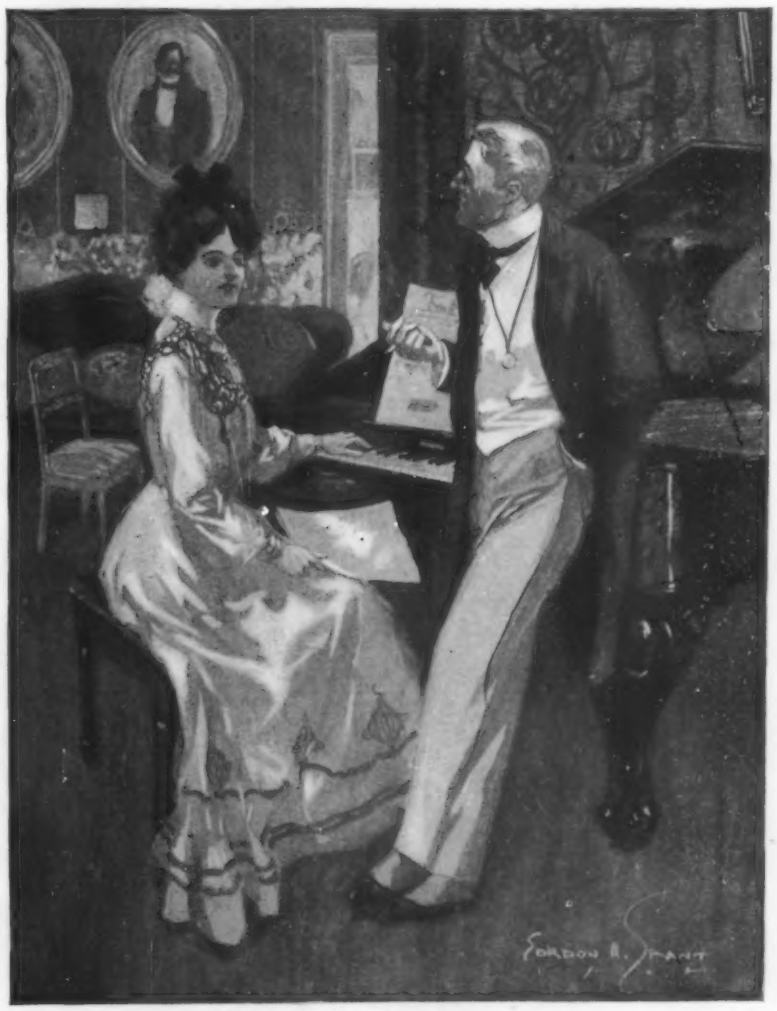
"TOO HONEST" is the verdict against H. Clay Evans. The Commissioner of Pensions has been eminently unable to satisfy the pension sharks and the wrong half of the G. A. R. His probable resignation will be confessedly under fire. Undoubtedly many of the most clamorous and violent of his haters in the G. A. R. once did the same thing — if ever they were under fire. They have been at the front ever since. It is wholly regrettable, thoroughly contemptible and perfectly easy to understand that Commissioner Evans's conscientious safeguarding of the public Treasury should have procured for him the unappeasable dislike of the money-hunters and word-warriors of the G. A. R. That his course is approved by President Roosevelt is, in the minds of these enemies of general decency, the merest incident in connection with the Commissioner's astounding attitude toward them. The President announces that Mr. Evans's successor will be expected to follow the same lines of action pursued by that stanch foe of loot. We congratulate Mr. Evans and sympathize with the new appointee.

THE SENATE'S BLINDNESS.

THE SHIPPING-SUBSIDY bill which passed the Senate the other day is good, old-fashioned Republicanism, — as fine an example as was ever perpetrated by that party of a measure designed to confer special privileges upon a little clique of campaign contributors at the expense of the whole people. That the Senate passed it in a moment of that "fancied security" which the late President McKinley warned his party against there can be no doubt. In thorough accord with principles that have never been officially repudiated by Republicans, this subsidy bill is, nevertheless, in downright opposition to the later Republican spirit. It will alienate thousands of nominal Republicans as swiftly as a clergyman would nowadays alienate large numbers of his congregation by going back to the old-fashioned fire-and-brimstone sermons of forty years ago. Yet the alienation of its own progressive members is the least danger that the party incurs. The alienation of the Democrats who voted with it in 1896 and again in 1900 is a far more serious matter, and this will inevitably occur should the Frye bill become a law and should the Democratic leaders meantime give moderate evidence of restored sanity. If the Republican leaders imagine that this vast body of Democrats voted the Republican ticket from any real love of Republican doctrines, or for any other reason than that the Republican ticket was the lesser of two evils, they are destined to learn otherwise very speedily. The one big truth which has gradually been grasped by the people generally in the last ten years is that special privilege has been a monstrous evil of our protective policy. So well was it understood in 1896 that Bryan, for his opposition to it, won six million votes in spite of financial and socialistic heresies that stamped him as a little man. Had he been somewhat less absurd he would assuredly have been elected. So well was this truth understood again in 1900, by President McKinley, at least, that he took pains in many delicate little ways to soften if not actually to disavow the old Republican arrogance as to this species of paternalism. The one-time apostle of Protection became, practically its apologist and almost its opponent. He saw plainly that Republican policies must be so shaped as to keep permanently within the party those Democrats who had turned desperately to it in an emergency. Partially because of his foresight and partially because the Democratic party was still dominated by a wordy little radical, Mr. McKinley was again elected. At neither time did the Republican party win on its merits. At neither time could it have won without thousands of Democratic votes. To insure its defeat in 1904 but two things are required: that it shall pass one or more measures of special privilege like this subsidy bill; and that the Democrats shall submit a candidate and a platform which are not frankly subversive of law, order and prosperity. As there were six Republican Senators shrewd enough to see this there are doubtless a number of Republican Representatives equally wise; — enough, perhaps, to defeat the Frye bill when it comes up in the House.

AN ORACULAR EXPOSITION.

MR. BRYAN SAYS that Mr. Cleveland led the Democratic party into the mire; also that he left it there. He intimates with facile grace that the "dreadful dreams" of the Democratic party to which Mr. Cleveland refers are not so dreadful as the failure to elect the author of those dreams, William J. Bryan, to the Presidency of the United States. The Ex-President's recently published letter expressing a belief that the Democracy is recovering from aforesaid "dreadful dreams" arouses Mr. Bryan to insinuate that the Cleveland Democracy is dead, that it ought to be dead and that its former candidate should ask to be forgiven for killing it. As for fighting, the mournful inference to be drawn from Mr. Bryan's weekly newspaper article is that Cleveland is not a fighter but a failer. The Boy Orator is no sphinx. He has the Whole Thing down pat. He modestly insists that the only way in which William J. Bryan can be elected to the Presidency is to make William J. the candidate of the Democratic party. Yes?



AS TO AN ACQUAINTANCE.

"But his wife is very fond of opera, is n't she?"
"Oh, yes! I think he 's a Wagnerite by marriage."

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

THIS CAT ESCAPES THE SENATE WITH A FEW OF ITS NINE LIV

S NINE LIVES LEFT;—WILL IT LOSE THEM IN THE HOUSE?

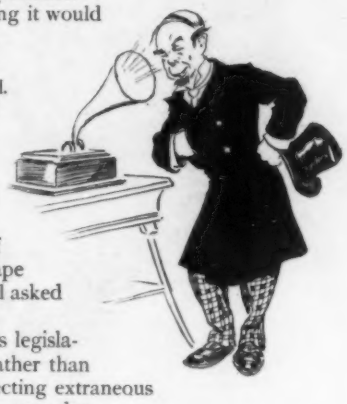
A PAINFUL POSSIBILITY.

"I do hope nobody will frighten me. It would be dreadful to have to bury this beautiful millinery in the sand!"

HIS SOLILOQUY.

"I 'm afraid," said the married man to himself, "that the only reliable cooking-school is that of experience."

And he sighed to think how long it would take his wife to finish her education.



THE WONDERFUL PHONOGRAPH.

"Bedad, it sings 'Killarney' wit' a brogue loike as if it was jist landed!"

COMPLICATED.

"Does he love me for myself alone, or for my money, or to escape the tax on bachelors?" the young girl asked herself, anxiously.

This shows how that injudicious legislation has a tendency to embarrass rather than to resolve social problems, often injecting extraneous elements into a condition already too complex.

WHEN POLITICS makes strange bedfellows they are, as a matter of precaution, inclined to sleep with their clothes on.

A GALAXY OF FACTS.

(Curious items of real interest compiled expressly for the Jaytown Bugle.)

IN MANY of the big cities policemen arrest all strangers carrying pitchforks tied to their gripsacks.

Hard cider is not so popular in New York City as it is in the State at large.

Smith's stomach bitters are all the rage in Bangor, Maine.

It is not stylish to wear tippets in New Orleans, La.

It is considered the height of fashion for the young men in New York to partake of mineral waters and other drinks on New Year's Day.

There are more christenings in Brooklyn, N. Y., than in any other city of the U. S.

In Chicago native-born voters have to present certificates of identification at the polls.

Visiting patrons from Rhode Island and New Hampshire are strapped into their seats at burlesque shows in Boston. They are also strapped when they leave the city.

The highways are supposed to be brilliantly lighted at night in some sections of Hartford, Conn.

In Denver, Col., self-cocking revolvers are worn as watch-charms at many gatherings.

Cars propelled by electricity dash along the streets of Philadelphia at the rate of more than three miles an hour.

Constables and sheriffs in New York City wear collars and neckties week days as well as Sundays.

There are hotels in San Francisco where a drink can be obtained as late as midnight.

In Providence, R. I., there are times of day when there is so much noise on the main streets that you can't hear the birds sing. The grass in some streets is worn down real short.

Fred. Ladd.

BRIEFLY, monarchy is the system of naming eras for the persons who do about the least to make these illustrious.

THE EDITOR'S ADVICE.

"He met the cuss in a barroom and they blazed away for about six shots; but nobody was hurt."

"That 's sing'lar."

"Yes. I told him if they could n't shoot better than that they might as well forgive their enemies!"

BETWEEN DROPS.

APRIL! Whether we adore her
For the boon of soft caresses,
Or as cordially abhor her
For her little ficklenesses —
She has come once more to rout this
Dreary month of blow and blether:
Oh! There 's something nice about this
April weather!

April's rain is warm and gentle:
When I hear its rhythmic patter
Troubles, physical and mental,
Know their time has come — and scatter.
I would rather give my purse than
Not behold how green this lane is —
Let me tell you, there are worse than
April's reign is!

April smiles are bright and sunny;
We 'll be off while they are beaming,
Knowing 't will be very funny
If rain shortly is not teeming.
But, Philinda, what is weather?
Not more than your own small wiles are!
Short and sweet, when we 're together,
April's miles are!

Edward W. Barnard.

IN APPROPRIATE MOOD.

"I hear that the angel is n't satisfied with your Mephistopheles Thinks he could do it better himself."

"He does?"

"Yes; he says the way things are going makes him feel like the devil."

WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN AT THE BILLIONAIRES' CLUB.

Upper Fifth Avenue one day last week was permeated with the awful, sickening odor of burning money. The Billionaires' Club-house caught fire, and with its fragile interior decorations of high-denomination banknotes proved a quick prey to the flames. Though the origin of the fire is not absolutely known, the report is that one of the members, after lighting his cigar with a ten-thousand-dollar note, carelessly threw the burning taper upon the floor, which was strewn with a promiscuous litter three feet deep of gold and silver certificates. The fire soon reached the fuel-room, where were stored the tons upon tons of baled money that are used to feed the furnaces.

Agonized at the sight of the burning legal tender, the firemen fought like demons to check the fury of the flames; but all to no purpose; the work of destruction went on until the contents of the bins assumed the anæmic appearance of $0.30. The loss will be heavy; for the billionaires had laid in a full supply of winter fuel, mostly in the denomination of thousand-dollar green-backs. No insurance.

PERFECT ACOUSTICS.

GLADYS.—Are the acoustics good in your new church?

ETHEL.—Yes! The members of the choir complain that they can hear every word of the sermon!

A PROBLEM.

If a man will drive two hundred and ninety-six holes through the plastering of the dining-room wall in vain search for a joist in which to insert a nail whereon to hang a picture, and then try to miss it altogether and find the beam at the first whack, and a woman will plunge into the water and rescue her child at the risk of her life and then give it a sound spanking, why don't we invent some new and more appropriate name for what we at present call human nature?

HIS OPINION.

"Did Josh enjoy his trip to New York?"

"He reckons he did. He believes he had as good a time as Prince Henry."

THEIR FIRST SUBURBAN GARDEN.

MRS. CITYBRED *(impatiently)*.—Why don't you begin?

MR. CITYBRED *(earnestly)*.—I—I can't decide whether to plant the radishes in a star-shaped bed and the onions in a crescent, or the onions in the star and the radishes in the crescent!

"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 22d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

Physicians prescribe

Old Overholt

A pure, rich rye whiskey.

Bottled in Bond.

A. Overholt & Co.

Pittsburg, Pa.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT

Is not recommended for everything; but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. Sold by druggists everywhere in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this great kidney remedy sent free by mail, also a pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root and its great cures. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and say that you read this in PUCK.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED

to ride and exhibit sample bicycle.

1902 MODELS, $9 to $15

1900 and 1901 Models, high grade, $7 to $11

500 Second-hand Wheels

all makes and models, good as new $3 to $8. Great Factory Clearing Sale.

We **SHIP ON APPROVAL** and 10 DAYS' TRIAL without a cent in advance. Earn a Bicycle distributing catalogs. Write at once for net prices and special offer.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. 141 P. CHICAGO, ILL.

OUT TO-DAY!

Puck's Library No. 178

entitled

"TAG ENDS"

Brimful of fun from cover to cover

Over seventy illustrations by the best

COMIC ARTISTS

Price 10 cents per copy

All newsdealers, or by mail from the publishers on receipt of price

Address PUCK, NEW YORK

OUT TO-DAY!

Shine on! It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend

lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

YOUR SWEETHEART KNOWS HOW MUCH BETTER

GUNTHER'S CANDIES

are than ordinary confections. They are made on this principle: "NOT HOW CHEAP BUT HOW GOOD." If your dealer don't have them we will supply you express prepaid at following prices:

1 lb. box finest selected $ .50 3 lb. box finest selected $2.25
2 " " " 1.00 5 " " " 3.50

C. F. GUNTHER, 212, State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO., Baltimore, Md.

THE SLIGHT DEFICIENCY.

"He dances beautifully!" exclaimed the young woman.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "There are so many men nowadays who do things well enough to take up time and not well enough to get paid for them."—*Washington Star.*

THE FLIGHT OF BR'ER WILLIAMS.

"Br'er Williams say, des 'fo' he took en die, dat he wuz gwine ter glory in a cheeryoot er fire."

"S'pose he happen ter de misfortune er burnin' up on de road?"

"Well, he 'lowed he 'd take dem chances, kaze if he did ketch fire a-gwine he 'd fool hell, anyhow!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A TRANSFORMATIONIST.

I.

"Good —

When you are sickly and weak you fall behind in the race of life. Keep in front by using Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists.

Don't show your bad taste, but insist on having *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne* of purest vintage always.

COMPLIMENTARY.

Miss Vera Oldmayden was hardly to blame
For feeling as proud as a queen.
On the swell hotel register after her name
The gallant clerk wrote: "Suite 16."
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

THE respectable way to commit suicide is to have a "dangerous operation" performed.—*Atchison Globe.*

BACON.—They never say in Boston that a child is born with a silver spoon in its mouth.

EGBERT.—What do they say, then?

BACON.—That it came into the world with gold-rimmed eye-glasses.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"WE UNDERSTAND," writes the editor of the *Billdale Harbinger*, "that recent rulings of the Post-office Department will prevent publishers mailing back numbers as second-class matter. This will prove a severe blow to our worthy contemporary, the *Billdale Daily Whoop*, as it will exclude it entirely from mailing privileges at the pound rate."—*Indianapolis News.*

THE CLUB

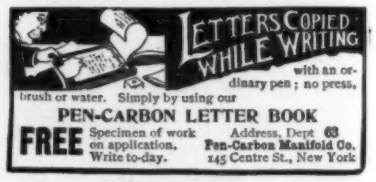
are the original bottled Cocktails. Years of experience have made them THE PERFECT COCKTAILS that they are. Do not be lured into buying some imitation. The ORIGINAL of anything is good enough. When others are offered it is for the purpose of larger profits. Insist upon having the CLUB COCKTAILS, and take no other.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., *Sole Proprietors*
29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
HARTFORD, CONN. LONDON

Corns Cured Free

ALLEN'S ANTISEPTIC CORN PLASTER *cures corns.* To prove it I will mail *free plaster* to any one. Send name and address—no money.

GEORGE M. DORRANCE, 238 Fulton Street, New York.



with an ordinary pen; no press, brush or water. Simply by using our

PEN-CARBON LETTER BOOK

FREE Specimen of work on application. Write to-day. Address, Dept 63 Pen-Carbon Manifold Co. 145 Centre St., New York

EASY MONEY For Barbers, Cigar or Newsdealers, and responsible hustlers

Address Chas. Johnson, P. O. B. 807, Chicago.

BUNNER'S SHORT STORIES

SHORT SIXES.
Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns. Illustrated.

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS.
A Story of Small Stories. Illustrated.

MADE IN FRANCE.
French Tales Retold with a United States Twist. Illustrated.

MORE SHORT SIXES.
Illustrated.

THE SUBURBAN SAGE.
Stray Notes and Comments on His Simple Life. Illustrated.

Five Volumes, in Paper, $2.50
" " " *Cloth, 5.00*
or separately as follows: *Per Volume, in Paper, $0.50*
" " " *Cloth, 1.00*

For sale by all Booksellers, or from the Publishers on receipt of price.

Address PUCK, New York.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit Cured without inconvenience or detention from business. Write THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. I. 1. Lebanon, Ohio.

Chicago's Theater Train—12.10 Midnight—NEW YORK CENTRAL.

Improved

BOSTON GARTER

THE STANDARD FOR GENTLEMEN

ALWAYS EASY

The Name "BOSTON GARTER" is stamped on every loop—

The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

THE "VELVET GRIP" PATENT HAS BEEN SUSTAINED BY THE U. S. CIRCUIT COURT

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

CALIFORNIA

The New Overland Limited

ELECTRIC LIGHTED

Most Luxurious Train in the World

Daily from Chicago; less than Three days en route via the

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN
UNION PACIFIC AND
SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAYS

No extra charge for fast time and luxurious service. First-class excursion tickets at $50.00 from Chicago, with corresponding rates from other points, will be on sale April 20th to 27th, inclusive. Full information from any ticket agent or by addressing

W. B. KNISKERN, GENERAL PASSENGER & TICKET AGENT
CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY,
CHICAGO.

MYSELF CURED I will gladly inform anyone addicted to COCAINE, MORPHINE, OPIUM OR LAUDANUM, of a never-failing harmless Home Cure. Address Mrs. M. T. BALDWIN, Box 1212, CHICAGO, Ills.

JUST OUT!

Puck's Quarterly

No. 25

Price 25c. per Copy

All newsdealers, or by mail from the Publishers on receipt of price.

Address PUCK, N. Y.

A Question of Climate.

An old colored preacher was telling his congregation that after death they would probably go to the moon. After meeting, one of the best-informed of the brethren said to him:

"Br'er Jinkins, don't you know dat de moon is col' ez ice, en ain't got no fire 't all in it?"

"Br'er Thomas," replied the parson, "ef hit 's fire you a-wantin' des keep on in de way you gwine en you can't miss it!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

II.

"—Morning!"

You can't do yourself justice when health is absent. Brace up and stay up with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists and grocers.

Brother Dickey's Sayings.

Some folks holds dat Adam wuz a red man; but he wuz n't nigh ez well read ez some er dese young niggers what knows it all.

De befo'-de-wah nigger is a-dyin' out in dis country; but, bless God! ez he gwine he got faith enough ter holler "Halleluyer!"

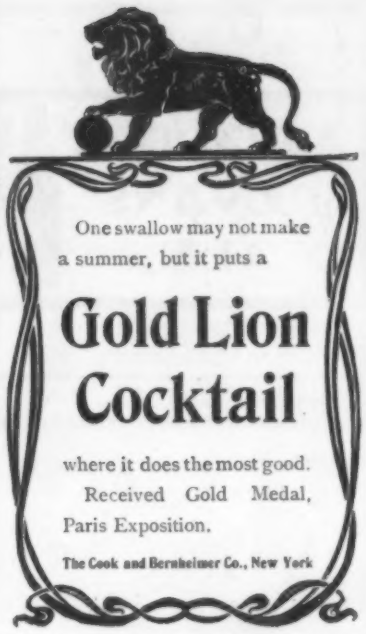
De Bible say dat Satan is de prince er de powers er de air, en I reckon dat 's de reason w'y, w'en hell gits too hot fer 'im he hops inter a cyclone ter cool off.

Ef dis worl' is lak a circus or a theatre show whar de po' folks hez ter look on f'um de gallery, praise God dey 's nigher ter heaven up dar dan de rich mens in de pit!—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Good Exercise.

"My daughter practises on the piano at least five hours a day," said the proud parent, referring to his child's Paderewskian accomplishments. "She has developed wonderfully with consistent exercise."

"Ya-a-as," drawled the tired neighbor. "So much better than throwing the hammer, I presume!"—*Baltimore News.*



There is many a merry Ha! Ha! at your expense that you don't know about.—*Atchison Globe.*

THE EQUITABLE

"STRONGEST IN THE WORLD"

J. W. ALEXANDER, PRESIDENT — J. H. HYDE, VICE-PRESIDENT

According to the Bulletin issued by the Census Office 1,000,000 deaths occurred in the United States during 1899.

ONE MILLION PEOPLE!

This is about the number that will die this year in the United States.

It is not *probable* that you'll be one of them, but it's *possible*.

Had you not better provide against the possibility?

Whilst doing so, you can provide for your own old age—

By means of an Endowment Policy.

Send for Particulars.

THE EQUITABLE SOCIETY Dept. No. 26. 120 BROADWAY NEW YORK

Please send me information regarding an Endowment for $.....

if issued to a man ..... years of age.

Name .....

Address .....

Happiness is the aim of all mankind

A BOTTLE of EVANS' ALE

aids in its attainment

Brewed since 1786 by
C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

Arnold Constable & Co.

Imported Garments.

Carriage Wraps, French Capes,
Silk and Pongee Coats,
Costumes and Tailor Suits,
Linen and Cotton Dresses,
by the leading Paris Makers.

Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK

SHORT SIXES;

Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns.

By H. C. BUNNER, late Editor of PUCK.

ILLUSTRATED.

Paper, 50c.
Cloth, $1.00

Address
PUCK, N. Y.

TEMPTATION.

He has the chance which most men crave
To make great wealth his willing tool.
And if he does they 'll call him "knave."
If he does not, they 'll call him "fool." — *Washington Star.*

A READY RECKONER.

"Can I get to the next town before dark?"

"I reckon."

"'Bout three miles, ain't it?"

"I reckon."

"And a rough road?"

"I reckon."

"My friend," said the traveler, "do you do anything else besides reckon?"

"I reckon I does!" replied the man, as he climbed the rail fence and shuffled homewards.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

VANISHED INTEREST.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "do you think that women ought to be prevented from voting?"

"Certainly not."

"Would n't you try to stop me if I wanted to go to the polls?"

"Not for an instant!"

"Well, then, what in the world is the use of wanting to vote?" — *Washington Star.*

"MANY otherwise useless things," commented the large-waisted philosopher, "have their uses in keeping useless people busy."—*Indianapolis News.*

THE GENTLEMAN'S RETURN.

Some of the old illiterate colored brethren in the rural districts have queer ideas of life and its amenities. Recently one of them asked his employer to be let off early on a certain day.

"Some one ill?" he was asked.

"No, suh;—de society what I b'longs ter is holdin' of a reception to a gentleman what we ain't see in some time."

"What gentleman?"

"Hit 's a gentleman, suh," was the reply, "what is des got back fum spendin' some time in Dade county."

"What 's his business?"

"He was in the burglary business, sah; but he got kotched!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

INFORMATION.

"Does it b'long to you, sah?"

"It does; an' Oi did n't put it there to kape a sate for a naygur, aither!"

THE Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using

Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Treatment as administered at the following Keeley Institutes

P. D. ARMOUR

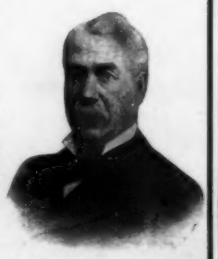
Head of the great Armour Packing Company, Chicago, Ill. (in a personal letter to Dr. Keeley), said:

I have sent about two hundred of my employees, from butchers to foremen, and all have been permanently cured. I do not think there is any one thing or any one man, who ever did the good to humanity that you are doing with your cure.

Detailed information of this treatment, and proofs of its success, sent free upon application to any of the institutions named.

ADDRESS THE INSTITUTE NEAREST YOU.

Los Angeles, Cal., Third and Spring Sts.
San Francisco, Cal., 1170 Market St.
West Haven, Conn.
Washington, D. C., 211 No. Capitol St.
Dwight, Ill.
Marion, Ind., 1905 So. Adams St.
Plainfield, Ind.
New Orleans, La., 1628-36 Felicity St.
Portland, Me. 151 Congress St.
Lexington, Mass.
Kansas City, Mo., 716 West 10th St.
St. Louis, Mo., 2803 Locust St.
Grand Rapids, Mich., 17, 19 & 21 Sheldon St.
Omaha, Neb., Cor. 19th and Leavenworth Sts.
Carson City, Nev.
North Conway, N. H.
White Plains, N. Y.
Buffalo, N. Y., 799 Niagara St.
Portland, Ore. 426 Williams Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa. 812 North Broad St.
Pittsburg, Pa., 4246 Fifth Ave.
Providence, R. I., 306 Washington St.
Dallas, Tex., Belleview Place.
Salt Lake City, Utah, 164 East First So. St.
Rutland, Vt.
Richmond, Va., 403 No. 12th St.
Seattle, Washington, 1120 Kilbourne St.
Waukesha, Wis.
Toronto, Ont., 786 Queen St. West.
Winnipeg, Man., 65 Roslyn Road.



"Non-Heredity of Inebriety," by Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, mailed upon application. LESLIE E. KEELEY, M.D., LL.D.

IN these civilized days, when there are no lions to kill or duels to fight, the only way in which a man can be gallant is to refuse to let a woman pay for anything.—*Atchison Globe.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

A sherry glass full after meals will relieve indigestion.

UNITED STATES COMMISSION
to the
PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1901.

CHICAGO, Auditorium Bldg. PARIS, 20 Ave. Rapp.

PARIS, September 22nd, 1901.

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO., Rheims, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:—I am instructed by Commissioner-General Peck to inform you that the International Jury of the Paris Exposition awarded to your exhibit of

Great Western Champagne

A GOLD MEDAL

It will doubtless please you to know that this award was made upon the recommendation of Senator Prevet, at one time President of the Society of Alimentation of France. The reputation of the proposer as well as the grade of award granted you are gratifying evidences of recognition of the merits of your exhibit.

Very truly yours,
J. H. GORE, Juror-in-Chief.

Pleasant Valley Wine Co.

Sole Makers, - - Rheims, N. Y.

Sold by all respectable wine dealers.

"Standard of Highest Merit"

FISCHER PIANOS.

"The embodiment of tone and art."

164 FIFTH AVENUE,
Between 21st and 22nd Streets, New York.

Puck's Original Drawings

The Original Drawing of any **Illustration in PUCK** may be bought by persons who desire

A Fine Birthday Present.
A Suitable Euchre Party Prize.
An Appropriate Picture for the Parlor, Library or "Den."

Or who wish to use them for decorative purposes generally.

Price, Size and Character of Drawing will be sent on application.

Give number of PUCK and Page, and address

PUCK, NEW YORK.

THE ONE SURE SIGN.

Talking 'bout the Springtime,
Winter never done
'Twell you sees a nigger
Sleepin' in de sun!
— *Atlanta Constitution.*

AFTER THE PRIZES.

"Mrs. Harkins has set out in earnest to secure bric-à-brac for her house."

"In what way?"

"She has joined seven progressive pedro clubs."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

MRS. HOUSEHOLD.—What kind of a cook did you get at the employment agency?

MRS. BROWNSTONE.—One whom I think I will suit.—*Norristown Herald.*

A POSSIBILITY.

PAPA.—A young woman can not be too careful about the man she accepts.
SHE.—Oh! I don't know! She might be so careful that she 'd remain single.

Pears'

The more purely negative soap is, the nearer does it approach perfection.

Unless you have used Pears' soap you probably do not know what we mean by a soap with no free fat or alkali in it—nothing but soap,

Established over 100 years.

Before Retiring—Relieves Insomnia,
Dr. Siegert's Genuine Imported Angostura Bitters.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
22, 24 and 26 Bleecker Street.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 29 Beekman Street. } NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

MISTER TROUBLE.

Ef you meets wid Mister Trouble,
Don't you stop en tarry;
Tell 'im, "Howdy do, suh!
Got ez much ez I kin carry!"
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

BEFORE long the rural exchange will be carrying the following Social note: "Mr. and Mrs. John Jones ping-ponged at Stovertown yesterday."—*Washington Post.*

"I HAS NOTICED," said Uncle Eben, "dat in controversies some o' de folks dat is merely takin' sides gits a heap mo' excited dan de ones dat stahted de 'riginal scrap."—*Washington Star.*

The Crawford Shoe

For Men and Women, $3.50

The 15 Crawford Art Plates free, each 7½ by 4¾, rich water-color sketches, eight by Ogden, of Yachting, Golf, Tennis, Polo, Hunting, Fishing, Canoeing, Mountain Climbing. And seven exquisite Costumes, photographed on living models, with full description—An Afternoon Gown, a Calling Costume, an Evening Robe, a Promenade Outfit, an Evening Wrap, a Carriage Dress, a Theatre Creation. No advertising upon these cards. Free at Stores or by mail. Just drop postal.

Fifteen Art Plates Free

On the backs of these plates are illustrations of the newest fashions in Crawford shoes for men and women. The best shoes that $3.50 or a good deal more ever bought.

Style No. 144, For Men.
Made of the finest Patent Leather, which will not crack or break, with soft Dull Kid top. New York toe. Medium extension sole.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Crawford Shoe Makers
Mail Order Department, Room 20
140 Duane Street, New York

Men's Stores 150 W. 125th St., 91-93 Nassau St., 54 W. 23d St., 825 Broadway, New York; 433 Fulton St., 189 Broadway, Brooklyn; 160 Summer St., 169 Tremont St., Boston; 903 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D. C.; 208 E. Baltimore St., Baltimore; 1018 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Women's Stores 825 Broadway, 54 W. 23d St., 137 Fulton St., 150 W. 125th St., New York; 433 Fulton St., 189 Broadway, Brooklyn; 903 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D. C.; 208 E. Baltimore St., Baltimore; 169 Tremont St., 160 Summer St., Boston; 1018 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Factories: New York City and Brockton, Mass.

PUCK'S LIBRARY

An Illustrated Humorous Magazine
Published on the First Monday of Each Month

Ten Cents a Copy
One Dollar a Year

"It is impossible," says a contemporary, "to get as much fun in any other way out of Ten Cents as you can out of PUCK'S LIBRARY."

Inasmuch as "good fun never grows old," the BACK NUMBERS of PUCK'S LIBRARY are in demand at all times because they are never old.

JUST OUT: "TAG ENDS"

APR 2 1902

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. N.Y.

TWO MARVELS.

"Look!"

"Ay, a strange sight! Redskins having conniption fits and a hog interested in something he can't eat!"